

Songs, &c.

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IN

TRUE FRIENDS, *K*

A MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT,

In Two Acts,

As performed at the

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

The Overture and Music composed by MR. ATWOOD.



LONDON:

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DRAMATIC REPOSITORY,
GREAT RUSSELL-STREET, COVENT-GARDEN.

1800.

[Price 6d.]

Dramatis Personæ.

Durano	—	—	—	MR. MURRAY
Juan	—	—	—	MR. DAVENPORT
Carlos	—	—	—	MR. INCLEDON
Father Dominico	—	—	—	MR. J. JOHNSTONE
Olla Podrida	—	—	—	MR. EMERY
Binnacle	—	—	—	MR. TOWNSEND
Jacomo	—	—	—	MR. SIMMONS
Theodora	—	—	—	MRS. H. JOHNSTON
Beatrice	—	—	—	MRS. DIBDIN.
Blondella	—	—	—	MRS. DAVENPORT

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Songs, &c.
I N
TRUE FRIENDS.

Song. (Carlos.)

TIS hope alone the lover buoys
When beauty all disdaining,
Withholds her dearly wish'd-for joys,
And spurns his fond complaining;
'Tis hope the gloomy dungeon lights
Where captive wretches pining,
Enjoy kind freedom's boldest flights,
While fancy's powers combining.

II.

Hope leads us on "from day to day,"
Beguiling keenest sorrow;
Still chasing present grief away,
And smiling on the morrow.
Be hope the inmate of my breast,
Nor let her reign be single,
Let love too join, a welcome guest,
And equal pleasures mingle.

Song.

Song. (Olla Podrida.)

Of all the guests a landlord fees
 Within Toledo's walls,
 Give me a fat Friar who sits at his ease
 And stoutly about him calls.
 With his head so bald and his gown so black,
 And his nose so red and his beads good lack,
 Yet only set by him a bottle of sack,
 They smile at each other,
 The bottle and brother,
 He kisses the glass with a hearty smack.
 Good lack, good lack,
 T'other bottle of sack,
 Yes father, says I—and it's off in a crack.

II.

The Doctor can swallow a poor man's fees,
 The soldier can swallow a ball,
 The lawyers I'll venture whatever you please,
 Will swallow the devil and all.
 But of all who at swallowing have a good knack,
 I never had yet such a friend to my back,
 As a friar who swallows a bottle of sack ;
 Then calls for some more
 While I set up a score.
 T'other bottle of sack,
 Good lack, good lack ;
 Yes father, says I, and it's off in a crack.

Song.

Song. (Beatrice.)

Husbands rule the roaft 'tis true,
 Yes they do, so they do;
 Wives shou'd rule a little too,
 By kindness, and persuation,
 Husbands jealous whims may take,
 If no cause those whims awake;
 Just it is they shou'd partake,
 All their airs occasion.

II.

Marriage is the golden mean,
 Yes it is, so it is;
 Honest joys to share between,
 Those who love sincerely.
 Women then shou'd recollect,
 Ne'er this maxim to neglect,
 Best obey who best protect,
 And love good husbands dearly.

Song. (Dominico.)

Come daughter listen to your priest,
 Who to this point will truly stick,
 Harm ne'er was meant to man or beast,
 By father Patrick O Dominic;
 Who hither comes from convent cell,
 Your duty, daughter dear, to tell.

Near

Near to your heart my council keep,
 It's use will last you long;
 Or shou'd your mem'ry-fall asleep,
 Awake it with this song;

With a fal, lal, &c.

II.

Be to your husband ever true,
 With scolding never break his rest;
 The breeches can't belong to you,
 Because you know they fit him best.
 'To industry your heart incline,
 And never give a priest bad wine.
 Still of this cordial keep a sup,
 For those who wish you best;
 Good lessons in your heart lock up,
 Good liquors in your chest.

With a fal, lal, &c.

Song. (Binnacle.)

I've sail'd with many a captain bold,
 I've sail'd both near and far,
 I've serv'd my king, I'm growing old,
 And am mark'd with many a scar.
 To larned words I don't pretend,
 I say but this and there's an end;
 Heav'n prosper long the seaman's friend!

The seaman's friend!

II. Only

II.

Only think when a tar gets out to sea,
To fight for his country dear ;
Leaves wife and children two or three,
Who all for his safety fear.
Only think how aloft their pray'rs ascend,
For those who may chance his lot to mend,
And to prosper long the seaman's friend ;
The seaman's friend !

Song. (Theodora.)

What is it, when the youth is near,
That prompts each soft endeavour ;
To make him stay, to wish him here
For ever and for ever ?

II.

What is it, when I'm left alone,
(Ah me ! what pain to sever)
That makes me fear, alas ! he's gone
For ever, and for ever ?

III.

Is it the little fabled boy,
Who shoots with aim so clever ;
Has from this bosom banish'd joy,
For ever, and for ever ?

TRIO.

T R I O.

FINALE.

Theo. Prythee, now, Jacomo, let a poor maiden go,
Ah, list to a damsel's pray'r,

Blon. Surely he cannot be, such a vile rogue to me,
So cruel to the wishes of the fair.

Jaco. Here's a noise, silly toys, women all, who but boys,
A fig for their chatt'ring care,

Theo. Pr'ythee, now, Jacomo, let a poor maiden go,
Ah, list to a damsel's pray'r.

Jac. Nay, prythee let me be.

Theo. } Ah, prythee, list to me.
&
Blon. }

Jac. Two such tongues who at once can bear!

Theo. To refuse us ah, how can you bear!

Blon. Was there ever such a rough hewn bear!

Jac. Pray go in, 'twere a sin, were I now to begin,
My master's wish to balk,

Will you go?

Theo. Jacomo!

Blond.

Will you hear?

Jac.

No! no!

Theo.

&

Blon.

} Alas! 'tis vain to talk.

Jac. In vain this idle talk.

'Tis nonsense thus to pout,

I know what I'm about.

Well a day, bawl away, long enough may you stay,

Ere I come to let you out,

No, no, Jacomo, woman yet ne'er could know,

Thy wits how to put to the rout.

END OF ACT I.

(9)

ACT II.

Quartetto.

Carlos. Ah, why those beauteous charms eclipse
My life, my soul's desire?
Ah, why forbid those coral lips
To own a mutual fire?
Alas! how cruel.

Blon. How gallant!

Car. Nay, then, I'll venture,

Blon. No you shant',

Car. I must,

Blon. Be quiet.

Car. (*Discovers Blon.*) I'm betray'd,

Blon. Have mercy on a helpless maid.

Jac. A pretty spot of work you've made.

Theo. Bless me what uproar this I hear,

Blon. The gentleman is mad I fear.

Theo. (*to Car.*) Say 'twas to *her* your passion spoke;

Car. Enough. I'll carry on the joke.

Nay beauteous maid, to you I came,
Accept a lover's ardent flame.

B

Theo.

Theo. O dear, good nurse, the case is plain,
It is *your* lover ?

Blon. Mine ! O fie ;

Nay, I protest

Theo. and Jac. 'Tis all in vain,

I think you'd better go, good bye !

All. (To Carlos.) Good bye, good bye.

Song. (Binnacle.)

An orphan boy, at sea when I

Aloft was forc'd to hie up ;

Ben boatswain bawl'd my lad, don't cry,

But keep your weather eye up.

The captain too, and all the crew,

My sorrow for to dry up,

They gave me grog till all was blue,

And clos'd my weather eye up.

II.

The voyage o'er, I went ashore,

Fresh slops and grog to buy up,

The cash flew out, and Ben once more

Cried, " Keep your weather eye up."

The

The girls who knew well what to do,
 My comeliness wou'd cry up ;
 They stole my heart and money too,
 And closed my weather eye up.

III.

Return'd once more and wiser grown
 Says I, my fate I'll tie up ;
 I'll take a wife, when she's my own,
 I'll keep my weather eye up.
 No sooner said, but Poll I wed,
 And snug awhile did lie up ;
 Nor shall I live to see her dead,
 For grief wou'd close my eye up.

Song. (Dominico.)

Before I came from Connaught, O'Dominic they christen'd me
 The ladies cried out he's a nice little rogue,
 My father dy'd and nothing left, then not a crater listen'd me,
 And that was a little too much the brogue.
 My friends abroad they sent me, a convent to explore,
 (From monks and jolly friars, the bell away I bore,)
 Yet had it been a nunnery, I shou'd have liked it more,
 But that wou'd have been a little too much the brogue.

II. The

The Spanish Dons they all made up a jealous resolution,
 With me they suspected each sweet little rogue,
 They swore no Connaught man should give their ladies abso-
 That being a little too much on the brogue, [lution.
 The Irish O, amaz'd them so, each father, husband, brother,
 That tho' I cou'dn't lose the O, at last to stop their pother,
 I took it off from one end, and clapt it on the other,
 O then to be sure how they swallow'd the brogue.

Duet. (Carlos and Theodora.)

Car. Ah! why suppose deceit is nigh,
 While Carlos is in view,
 Ah! why suppose he heaves a sigh,
 For any fair but you?
 Those charms alone my heart enslave,
 For those my wishes pine,
 I'd give up all this side the grave,
 Cou'd I but call thee mine.

Theo. Ah! why with looks of love persuade,
 Which too succesful woo,
 Ah! why thus tempt a simple maid,
 Too much inclin'd to you?
 Let honour consecrate the band,
 Of love 'twixt you and me,
 And 'till a parent gives this hand,
 This heart I'll keep for thee.

Both.

Both. Let honour consecrate the band,

Of love 'twixt you and me,

And till a parent gives ^{my} } hand,

Your } heart ^{still} } keep for me }

My } I'll } keep for thee }

Song. (Podrida.)

It chanc'd one day, that a crow so black,

Down in a meadow so green,

Had stol'n a crust from a pedlar's pack,

And carry'd it off unseen.

Up in an apple tree flew the crow,

And ere she the taste of her prize cou'd know,

A fox came by and stood below,

Down in the meadow so green.

II.

Says Reynard, Jove's eagle sure I see,

Up in a tree so high,

Says the crow to herself, he surely means me,

And a very fine bird am I.

What eyes, says Reynard, and what an air,

That plumage how divinely fair!

Never was beauty seen so rare,

Up in a tree so high.

III. The

III.

The crow enchanted clap'd her wings,
 A-lack and a-well-a-day,
 Says Reynard, I'm sure that angel sings;
 Cou'd I but hear the lay.
 The crow look'd round at what he said,
 For flatt'ry often *turns* the *head*,
 She open'd her mouth, and she drop'd her bread,
 Reynard caught it, and gallop'd away.

FINALE.

Theo. Ye critics spare the bard,
 On whom you oft have smil'd ;
 Who 'waits your just award,
 With resignation mild.
Car. To you he humbly bends,
 His efforts to protect ;
 Where you approve, approve like friends,
 And, ah ! like friends correct.

CHORUS.

To you, &c.

Blon.

Blon. No critic stern but he,
To beauty must submit,
Then ladies join with me,
And we shall please the Pit.

Bin. Ye brother tars around,
Come join good humours crew;
No hope was ever left aground,
That we repos'd on you.

CHORUS.

To you, &c.

Beat. If you'll not think me wrong,
To urge a claim tho' weak,

Pod. Be quiet ! hold your tongue,
A wife shou'd never speak.

Dom. Then let us say but this,
Before our story ends ;
We hope you'll pardon what's amiss,
'And foster our TRUE FRIENDS.

FULL CHORUS.

Then let us, &c.

F I N I S.

Blon.

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